

A N  
**E L E G Y**  
 On the Death of the  
**L O R D R U S S E L,**  
 Who was Beheaded in  
**L I N C O L N S - I N N - F i e l d s,**  
 On Saturday the 21<sup>st</sup>. of July, 1683.

**W**Hat *Power's*, what *Saints*, or who shall I invoke  
 To Charm the *Axe*, before the mighty Stroke?  
*Gods* will not do it; for *Man*'s vain to Plead,  
 What if *Caligula* should interceed?  
 What if I raise great *Nero* from his Urn?  
 Or he that did th' *Epheſian* Temple Burn?  
 Can *Cataline*, *Cetbegus*, *Mabomet*,  
*Judas*, or *Jack* of *Leyden*, do the Feat?  
 Will theſe evade the Stroke that Fate portends?  
 No! theſe are too much Envious to be Friends.  
 Who then, my Lord, ſhall I invoke for you?  
 Will *Shafſbury*, *Luther*, or *Jack Calvin* do,  
*Oats*, *Bedloe*, *Prance*, *Dugdale*, *Turbervile*,  
 That, with your help, made Monarchy to reel,  
 And like t have turn'd it to a Commonweal.  
 Nor theſe, my Lord, cannot theſe Patriots do it,  
 That once had Power to bring all things about,  
 And cut off poor old *Staffords* Head to ſhoat.  
 Then! muſt the Mercenary *Axe* proceed,  
 Since you've not cheated *Ketch*, as *Effex* did;  
 For which, perchance, there may Diſputes enſue,  
 Who was the better Subject of the Two,  
 He that d d ſave Five Pounds, or had his due.  
 But theſe are Feuds I never ſhall deſire,  
 Though 'twas not fairly done to cheat th' *Eſquire*;  
 I pity Greatneſs; not becauſe 'tis you,  
 But from my Nature, and to Greatneſs due:  
 So th' Miracle be done, I care not how,  
 Whether to *Axe* or Hal er they do bow,  
 My moderate Zeal wou'd any way allow;  
 The moſt Expedient ſurely beſt ſhould pleaſe,  
 That ridds the Nation of her worſt Diſeaſe;  
*Effex* ſhou'd ſome remorse, which ſain wou'd be  
 Miſtaken for an ill-ſhap'd Loyalty.

Would *Monmouth*, *Armſtrong*, *Ferguson*, and *Gray*,  
 Reflect as deeply, they wou'd take h's way;  
 But who can hope for ſuch a Conſequence  
 From Natural Fools, and hardened Impudence?  
 Thoſe who've rais'd their Fortunes by their Prince,  
 Liv'd by the warmth of his kind Influence.  
 From *Pardons* and *Indulgence*, ſuckt their Breath,  
 And now to ſeek their Great Preservers Breath!  
*Inhumane Vipers*! paſs the Frolick round,  
 And ſave your injur'd Prince two thouſand pound;  
 Or eſſe cum in, who knows but you may find  
 An *Ignoramus* Jury to your mind?  
 Such as once ſav'd your dear *Achitophel*,  
 Which then did Authoriſe you to Rebel.  
*David* has been too merciful, 'tis known,  
 And may perchance, forgive Young *Absalom*.  
 Now give me leave to call my Fancy in,  
 And talk of *Ruſſel*, where I did begin.  
 To what unequal heights didſt thou Aſpire!  
 What was it thou couldſt want or couldſt Deſire?  
 Greatneſs thou hadſt, and all the Plumbs of th' Earth,  
 Only a Crown, that did not fit thy Birth:  
 And how ſeem'd that to thee? a Glorious Thing!  
 Which thy own Pow'r did make ſo Tottering.  
 Farewel fond *Ruſſel*, thoſe may mourn thy fate,  
 That hope, like thee, by Treason to be Grea:  
*Effex's* diſpairing factious Hand did do,  
 What neuter *Ketch* th' *Eſquire* perform'd for you,  
 And what I hope will follow all your Crew.